

## Wrapped up in a Bow by Luddleston

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**Summary:**

Lance comes home to a... surprise. He can't figure out if he forgot his anniversary, or if it's a month-early Valentine's present, or what, but he's gonna need to find an appropriate way to properly thank Shiro.

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### Author's Note:

Bottom Shiro week day 3! I'm actually keeping up with this, surprising mostly me. Tomorrow may be delayed until Friday bc this is a crazy week of work for me.

But yeah. I love Shiro in pink <3

"Holy shit," Lance breathed, his eyes wide as dinner plates, as he stared across the bedroom at the scene in front of him. "Is it my birthday or something? Is this a month-early Valentine's thing?"

"What makes you think I'm doing this for you?" Shiro asked, his voice even, measured, but he couldn't entirely keep out the playfulness.

"Oh, sure, you just decided to lounge around the bedroom like *that*." Lance continued to stare, frozen in place, not sure if he should get on his knees to literally thank God for this or just to worship Shiro.

Because Shiro was laid out on the bed, on his stomach, a book in front of him that he definitely wasn't reading. He had his glasses perched on his nose, but other than those, he was almost completely nude.

Almost.

He was also wearing a pair of lacy, pink panties that Lance couldn't stop looking at, because *holy shit*. Nobody should look that good in frilly underwear. Lance knew he damn well couldn't, he was more of a booty shorts with something cheesy on the butt kind of guy, after all. Shiro was sure as hell pulling it off, though. Fuck. Those things clung to every curve, and okay, it was Shiro's ass, there was plenty of curve going on. There were tiny bows at his hips. It would've just been adorable if it wasn't mouthwateringly sexy.

Shiro turned a page in the book he wasn't reading. "You planning on doing anything, or are you just standing there all night?"

Lance sucked in a breath and looked at the ceiling, just to, you know, thank God and Jesus and anyone else who created both Shiro's ass and the lingerie he was wearing.

Then, he pounced.

He jumped into bed so fast Shiro laughed, still wearing his shoes and everything, straddling Shiro's thighs so that his ass was right there, in front of Lance, still looking absolutely perfect, and shit, if you'd asked Lance earlier if he was into dudes wearing lingerie, he probably would've said not really, but now, he was very into it and halfway to a kink.

"Well?" Shiro looked over his shoulder at Lance, tossing his shock of white hair out of his eyes, and Lance bit down a little too hard on his lower lip. Ow.

"This is so fucking hot," Lance said. "Seriously, what made you decide to do this?" He traced his hands down Shiro's back to his hips, slowly petting over the lace, which was a lot softer than Lance would have expected. The pink looked so delicate against Shiro's skin, perfectly matching the flush that was spreading across his cheeks and along the tips of his ears.

"You didn't think that maybe I'm into this, too?"

"Oh. Well, uh. Yeah, I guess that makes sense." Lance squeezed a little tighter and it made the lace stretch over Shiro's ass, to the point where Lance had to back off, because he was worried he'd tear it.

Shiro sighed, shifting a little on the bed. "I'm... I've kind of had a thing about this for a while."

"Yeah?" Lance asked, his voice hushed. He leaned in closer, brushing his lips against the dimples on either side of Shiro's spine at his lower back.

"Yeah. It makes me feel... ah, I dunno."

"I get it," Lance said, tracing one of the floral shapes in the lace with his fingertip. "I think I do, at least. Is it like when I wear that one swimsuit because it makes me feel all sexy and it also made you fall into a lake that one time?" The swimsuit in question was a pair of shorts that barely covered his ass, tight as a Speedo and bright aqua blue. Shiro had fallen straight off the dock when he saw Lance bend over while he was wearing it.

"Yes, it's like that," Shiro said, laughing. "Except I don't wear it to public beaches."

"Well, you could wear it in public, you know, under your clothes."

Lance didn't realize what he'd said until Shiro gasped, his head dropping down, shifting in place again, more intentional this time. He was rolling his hips against the bed, probably because he was just as turned on by the idea of Lance undressing him and finding lacy panties underneath as Lance was.

"*Fuck*, that would be hot," Lance whispered, teasing his fingertips underneath the hemline of Shiro's underwear, tugging it down just barely, waiting on Shiro's reaction.

Shiro spread his legs wider, and Lance kissed along his spine, his fingers sneaking under the lace to touch Shiro's skin, gradually making their way inwards. He found himself wishing he wasn't gonna have to get up and leave Shiro to go grab lube if he wanted anything more to happen.

He also found his wish granted, as Shiro dropped his book in favor of reaching beneath the pillows, digging around until he found a familiar, half-full bottle, and tossed it back in Lance's direction.

God, Lance loved this man.

"What do you want?" Lance asked, still groping Shiro's ass with his free hand as he popped the cap on the lube open.

"Mm. I want your fingers in me," Shiro said.

"Jesus *Christ*, yeah, that'll work." Lance shifted so he was straddling one of Shiro's thighs, giving Shiro the room to spread his legs. "Should I...?" he began, tugging the panties down another inch. He could probably make this work with them pulled down to Shiro's thighs, but maybe Shiro would rather he take them off.

"No, leave them on."

Or not.

"So, how...?"

"Just. Like this." Shiro reached around behind himself, pulling his underwear out of the way to expose himself, and Lance made some kind of embarrassing high-pitched noise.

Shiro let go so that he could balance himself on his elbows again, so Lance took over for him, holding the fabric out of the way so he could run his fingers around Shiro's rim, pushing the tips of his first two in at once, because he knew Shiro would make that noise. It was low, almost growly, clearly pleased, and Shiro dropped his head into his hands, pushing his glasses up his face so he could cover his eyes.

"You look amazing in these," Lance said, pushing his fingers in and out, at as steady a pace as he could, given that he was completely distracted. Shiro, who was normally pretty reserved when it came to sex, was way more responsive than usual. Lance typically had to work him up for way longer to get him to squirm and moan like that, but today, Shiro was absolutely losing it from just Lance's fingers.

Lance sort of wanted to get him to roll over, but he wasn't sure if he'd be able to handle the sight of Shiro's cock stretching out the front of the panties, probably peeking out the top or something because Lance knew how big he was, and was completely sure it wasn't gonna fit in some delicate lingerie.

He stroked over Shiro's prostate and he dropped his head onto his arms, his glasses shoved up even further. It was so cute, the way he went completely

boneless under Lance's touch, like he couldn't hold himself up. Lance was starting to get pretty uncomfortable in his jeans, and grinding down against Shiro's thigh didn't make it that much better, but was a relief of some kind, so he did it over and over.

Shiro was grinding against the bed still, and if Lance didn't need both hands to hold him in a position where he could fuck him, he would've fit one hand between Shiro and the sheets to jerk him off. Even though he probably didn't need to. He knew Shiro could come just from Lance fingering him, it was something they'd done a couple times, once, memorably, after Lance had fucked him and had come inside, so he could feel all of it when he opened Shiro up and *holy shit*, just thinking about that was gonna do him in.

Lance shifted forward, kissing Shiro's shoulder blade because he couldn't reach his mouth. "You close, baby?" he asked, because Shiro was shoving himself back against Lance's thrusts, fucking himself on his fingers, the kind of eager, greedy motion Shiro only made when he was about to come.

"Yeah," he answered, "yeah, Lance, don't stop."

Lance obediently kept going, fucking Shiro so damn well his wrist started to hurt, and Shiro clapped a hand over his mouth before Lance could tell him not to, to just let him hear it. He'd muffled enough sound that Lance knew he was practically screaming his way through his orgasm, and Lance got the usual swell of pride that came whenever he got Shiro to let loose like that.

Shiro rolled over onto his back after and Lance forgot how to breathe for a second, because yeah, the view of Shiro's cock poking out of the lingerie was just as good as he'd thought it'd be, made even better by the streaks of come on his hips and stomach. Fuck, Lance would've sucked him off if he hadn't just come.

"You can do that later," Shiro said, and oops, yep, Lance said that out loud.

"Okay, yeah. Wait. What am I doing now?"

Shiro grabbed Lance's dick through his jeans in response, and okay, that seemed like a good thing to be doing. "Telling me how you want to handle this."

"*Oh.*" Oh. He had some ideas.

**Author's Note:**

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